

SATURDAY, January 31, 1914.

"I Am Innocent": Starchfield Charged at Old Street. See
4 and

The Daily Mirror

LATEST CIRCULATED CIRCULATION MORE THAN 800,000 COPIES PER DAY.

No. 3,205.

Registered at the G.P.O.
as a newspaper.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1914

One Halfpenny.

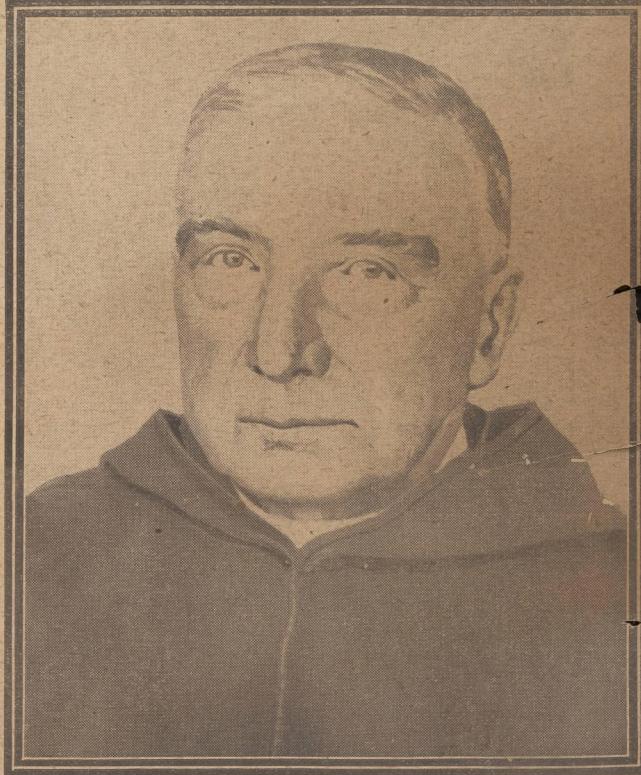
FOR THE SAKE OF A CHILD: CARDINAL BOURNE AT FUNERAL OF "HOXTON'S SAINT."



Emily Flynn, the baby for whose sake Father Kelly died.



Cardinal Bourne (wearing a skull cap) leaving St. Monica's Church.



Father Kelly, who was known as the "Saint of Hoxton."



A glimpse of the mourners. He won the undying love of thousands of London's poor.

Cardinal Bourne and many other leaders of the Roman Catholic Church were present yesterday at the funeral of Father Michael Kelly, to pay a last affectionate tribute to the memory of a much-loved priest. He died as he had lived, self-sacrificing in the in-

terest of the poor, and it was while on the way to baptise a child that he fell into a deep trench in the road, sustaining fatal injuries. He laboured in Hoxton, one of London's poorest districts, for more than fifty years.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

AMAZING STORY OF "TIPS" IN THE ARMY CANTEEN CASE.

Mr. Sawyer Details Payments to Soldier Cooks.

"HIS HALF-YEARLY."

Remarkable Letters Explained by Man Who Left Lipton's.

The leading witness for the prosecution—the man who left Lipton's employ—gave evidence yesterday, when the hearing was resumed at length yesterday, when the hearing was resumed at Bow-street Police Court of the remarkable Army canteen case.

Mr. Edmund Sawyer, the witness in question, related how, when he entered the service of Lipton's, Ltd., it was explained to him that payments were made to soldiers connected with the Army canteens. It was emphasised, he said, that these payments were not bribes.

Many instances of these alleged payments were then given by Mr. Sawyer, and much correspondence was read. In one letter occurred the phrase "The S.M. (sergeant-major) is looking for his half-yearly."

Public interest in the case was again shown by the crowded court. Many Army officers in uniform sat in the well of the court, while two Japanese and others by the side of the magistrate (Sir John Dickinson), and followed the evidence (Sir John Dickinson), and followed the evidence with intense interest.

The eighteen defendants are:—

MILITARY.

Lieutenant-Colonel and Brevet-Colonel C. H. T. Whittaker (formerly in command of the Yorkshire Light Infantry at Malta); Hon. Lieutenant-Colonel and Major William James Armstrong; Major George Petchy Bennett; Hon. Lieutenant and Quartermaster James Burns; Hon. Lieutenant and Quartermaster Thomas Henry Johnson; Hon. Lieutenant and Quartermaster William Kelly; Staff-Sergeant Thomas Millward; Hon. Captain and Quartermaster George Eustace.

CIVILIAN (all connected with Lipton, Ltd.).

John Canfield (general manager and a director); Archibald Minto (manager general stores department); James C. Orr; Daniel Lynch; Andrew Laing; Frederick William Owen; Edward Arthur Pelegy; Alfred Swain; James Ross Ness.

Defendants Burns, Johnson and Ness were not present in court.

The charge is one of conspiracy under the Corruption Practices Act. It is alleged that bribes have been paid to the military defendants by the civilian defendants on behalf of Lipton, Ltd.

The hearing was adjourned until to-day.

"TIPS" TO SERGEANT-COOKS.

When the magistrate took his seat, Lieutenant-Colonel Whittaker explained that he only received the summons to attend the court at 6 p.m. on January 29, so that he came immediately from the West of Ireland to London. Owing to the shortness of time he could not be properly represented that day.

His case had been known to the War Office since September, 1913, when he gave full information on everything they asked.

As he was a poor man and could not afford to be legally represented immediately, he asked that his case should be taken separately.

The Magistrate: That may not be, as you are charged with conspiracy with the others.

After some discussion, Mr. R. D. Muir, for the Treasury, suggested that defendant should not be legally represented until the evidence against him was complete, when the prosecution would recall the other defendants whom he desired to cross-examine.

Lieutenant-Colonel Whittaker said he would consult his solicitor.

The chief witness for the prosecution, Mr. Edward Stratton Sawyer—the man who left Lipton's employ—was then called.

He said he was now employed by the Canteen Mess Society, which was worked on a sort of co-operative system for the supply of Army canteens. Mr. Minto got him into engagement with Lipton's, and he began on February 1, 1903, at a salary of £225 a year, with 10 per cent commission upon all new business introduced by him. His out-of-pocket expenses were to be refunded.

LOST HEAVILY SOMETIMES.

In giving him instructions Mr. Minto explained that certain payments were required, but he laid great stress on the fact that these payments were not bribes.

He failed to explain, and he gave me several instances. He said the canteen business was supervised by the quartermasters and sergeant-majors who were on the spot, and many odd and irregularities, such as the staff getting drunk or being sent to the canteen, looked after the efficiency of the working, and they would expect a tip. He further said that the firm tried to carry on the business without the payment, and said that as a consequence the firm lost heavily on some contracts.

In answer to further questions, witness said that he obtained his first contract with the Royal Army Medical Corps at Portsmouth in April, 1903.

Mr. Minto: After you had obtained the contracts did you make any payments?—Yes. To the sergeant cooks.

Did you say anything to Mr. Minto with regard to the payments to the sergeant cooks?—Oh, yes, we discussed matters freely almost daily. He told me it was necessary.

Did he say why?—He said: "If you don't do it these men will make frivolous complaints, and we shall not have the contract any longer."

Was it provided in the contract to make these payments to the sergeant cooks?—Mr. Minto:

Was it in any way charged to you?—It was an advance on the commission.

Was anything said as to who was to accept responsibility for those payments?—Mr. Minto said

(Continued on page 4.)

M.P.'S PROTEST FOR EXILED LEADERS

Uproarious Scene in South African Parliament.

STRIKE LEADERS FREE.

The most fateful session in the history of the Parliament of the South African Union was opened yesterday.

One question only was on the tongues of members of the House of Assembly—the deportation to England of the exiled leaders.

These men are now on the high seas, and are expected to arrive in England in a month's time. How will General Botha defend their expulsion?

Notice was given that the Bill to indemnify him and his Government for these deportations and for the other acts carried out under martial law would be introduced on Monday, but no discussion on the deportations was allowed.

Four members of the strike committee, who have been in gaol since the 15th inst., have been released at Pretoria, and five strike leaders, recently arrested at Kroonstad, have also been released.

uproar in UNION PARLIAMENT.

CAPETOWN, Jan. 30.—The opening of the House of Assembly to-day was marked by remarkable scenes.

Mr. Creswell moved the adjournment of the House to discuss the urgent matter of the surreptitious deportation of citizens, but was ruled out of order and amid great uproar, and the protest of the Speaker, declared in formal motion for the adjournment was carried.—Central News.

CAPETOWN, Jan. 30.—Lord Gladstone, Governor-General, opened Parliament at noon to-day with the usual ceremonial, but exceptional interest was displayed in the proceedings owing to the present abnormal state of affairs.

In his opening speech the Governor-General said:—

The extension of the strike movement to all industrial trades and occupations throughout the country on January 13 finally convinced my Ministers that the safety and well-being of the whole Union made the declaration of martial law necessary.

The measure taken, and the effective display of force by the citizens of the Union happily succeeded in putting a serious disturbance and in restoring order without bloodshed. I am glad to be able to inform you in connection with the action taken by my Ministers during the exceptional conditions to which I have referred.

During the initial business General Smuts gave notice that he would move on Monday

for the withdrawal of martial law, indemnifying the Government and its officers and servants for all acts done in connection with the suppression of internal disorder, and declaring that certain persons who have been removed from the Union shall be liable on their return there to be removed as prohibited immigrants.

This notice was received with loud Ministerial cheering and Labour cries of "Shame!" The Opposition remained silent.

Mr. Creswell rose to move the adjournment of the House to discuss "the surreptitious deportation without trial of citizens of the Union, and the imminent danger of other citizens being similarly deported without trial and without being able to appeal to the Courts of the Union."

The speaker directed that the Bill of which General Smuts had just given notice, and declined to allow discussion of the motion.

The adjournment was carried amid Labour cries of "Shame!"—Reuter.

49 DROWNED AT SEA.

Disastrous Collision in Mid-Atlantic Between Two Passenger Steamers.

(From Our Own Correspondent)

NEW YORK, Jan. 30.—Forty-nine lives have been lost as the result of a collision off Hog Island between the Old Dominion Steamship Company's steamer Monroe and the steamship Nantucket, belonging to the Merchants' Miners' Transportation Company.

The lost include twenty-four of the Monroe's passengers and twenty-five of her crew.

She sank in less than half an hour, but the Nantucket managed to rescue thirty-one of her passengers and fifty-four of her crew, who will be taken to Norfolk.

Ferdinand Kuehn, the first wireless operator in the Monroe, went down at his post, the other operator, Elleridge, being saved.

Among the rescued were Captain Johnson and all the officers of the Monroe except the second engineer.

The Monroe was one of the newest boats of the Old Dominion Line, and had a net displacement of nearly 3,000 tons.

HELD UP WIFE WITH TEETH.

NORFOLK (Virginia), Jan. 30.—The steamer Nantucket has arrived here with eighty-five survivors of the Monroe.

The Monroe capsized and turned turtle within ten or twelve minutes after the impact occurred.

As she turned on her side some of the passengers and crew crawled over on the exposed portion of her bottom and were able to take hold of the railing and dash ashore as the vessel went to the bottom keel uppermost.

Those who were rescued remained in the water for half or three-quarters of an hour before they were got out.

One of the bodies on the Nantucket is that of Mrs. Thomas Harrington. Her husband told how he saw with his own eyes his wife when they were picked up. His wife was then too exhausted to recover.

According to one passenger the boat containing Captain Johnson was the only one launched from the Monroe.—Reuter.



Mr. Sawyer.

Lieutenant-Colonel Whittaker.

Lieutenant-Colonel and Brevet-Colonel C. H. T. Whittaker, formerly in command of the Yorkshire Light Infantry at Malta, the new military defendant in the Army canteens bribery case. We feel that it is our duty to again express our regret to Colonel A. E. Whittaker, of Retford, for having published his portrait as this defendant. Mr. Edmund Sawyer, formerly of Lipton, Ltd., gave evidence yesterday.

WOMEN SMOKE CLAY PIPES AT A BALL.



A party enjoying supper in "Ye Belle Tavern," at Covent Garden. The fare was old-fashioned, and even women favoured the churchwarden beloved of our grandfathers.

EROIC PRIEST'S SILENT SUFFERING.

oor Mourners in Tears Throng Church at Funeral.

"SAINT OF HOXTON."

A church crowded with the poorest of the poor, ill-clad men, women and children, whose grief-stricken faces were wet with tears, and outside an even greater crowd, many of whom knelt on the muddy pavements with bowed heads—this was the scene in Roman Catholic Church, Hoxton, where a funeral took place of a deeply-loved priest, whom everyone called "the Saint of Hoxton." The priest whose death in his eighty-first year shocked this extraordinary demonstration was Father Kelly, alike heroic in his long life of continuous labour for the poor and suffering and in his tragic death.

It was while he was hurrying to the workhouse to baptise a child there that he stumbled in crossing the road at a point where tramway construction was proceeding, and falling into a trench sustained fatal injuries.

But badly hurt as he was, and in great agony, he tried to drag himself on to discharge his priestly duty at the workhouse. But it was a vain struggle. When help arrived—and it came promptly—in faltering, lame steps, he begged some other priest should take his place and baptise the child. A wonderful tribute was paid to him by the doctor who attended him.—

He was one of the heroic men who never complain. He must have been in agonies of pain, but still he said he felt easy. He was a lesson to the younger generation by his marvellous self-sacrifice.

"That was his epitaph—spoken by Dr. Grace at the inquest concerning his death.

And it was for this heroic, patient, stoical priest

CROWD BESIEGES COURT.

Men and Women Fight to See Starchfield—"I am Innocent."

Fired with morbid curiosity to see the central figure of the North London train murder—the father of little Willie Starchfield, who was arrested by the coroner's order after the jury's verdict at the inquest—a crowd of men and women fought wildly to enter the Old-street Police Court yesterday.

The face of this fighting, struggling mass of humanity, which jammed itself tight to the doors, the police were powerless to preserve order, and witnesses, journalists and others with business in the court were shut out, while women and small men were knocked aside by brawny East Enders who were determined to get in at all costs.

Starchfield's brother was among those locked out, and he only gained admission shortly before the case came on by making a special appeal to the chief police officials.

Starchfield stood in the dock for three brief minutes. With arms folded he gazed with impulsive face in front of him.

While evidence of arrest was given, Inspector Gough said that after the jury's verdict at the inquest he said to Starchfield: "I am a police inspector, and I shall arrest you for the wilful murder of your son Willie on January 8."

Starchfield replied: "All I say is that I am innocent of this crime." He was then taken to the Old-street Police Station.

Mr. Margetts, who appeared for Starchfield, said he would reserve his cross-examination. He asked the magistrate to allow the prisoner to see his brother.

The magistrate then remanded Starchfield until next Tuesday, and gave permission for him to see his brother.

Outside in Old-street a great crowd waited to see Starchfield removed in custody. (Photographs on page 16.)

RISING TIDE OF GOLD.

Boom in Stocks Puts Money Into Pockets Without Any Expense.

Making money with nothing is just now the fashion.

Everywhere—in the street, trains and omnibuses—people can be heard recounting how they "made £20, £30 or £50, and did not have to part with a single halfpenny to do it."

They are "investors" on the Stock Exchange, and the man in whom stocks is responsible.

Members are making money so rapidly, *The Daily Mirror* was told, that many whose pockets are quickly filling cannot even find time to take lunch!

Some idea of the big rises which "gilt-edged" stocks are enjoying will be gathered from the following prices of representative securities supplied to *The Daily Mirror* yesterday by its City Editor:

	Now	Beginning of Year.	Rise
Consols 2½ p.c.	75½	71½	4½
Irish Land 2½ p.c.	78½	70½	8
India 3 p.c.	82½	75	7½
Local Loans 3 p.c.	82½	81½	1
Loc. Loans 3 p.c.	86½	81	6
L.C.G. 3 p.c.	92	85	7
L.G.C. 3 p.c.	97	91	6
Transvaal 3 p.c.	94	88½	5½
Canada 4 p.c.	94½	84	10½
Montreal 4 p.c.	104	91	13
Port of London 4 p.c.	75½	71	4½
Sierra Leone 4 p.c.	12½	11	2½
Sierra Leone 4 p.c. Premium	38	12	26
	+Discount,		
"It will be seen," says our City Editor, "that in several cases substantial discounts have been converted into enormous premiums."			

Conso's—Britain's premier security—give the best indication of the "boom," for they have jumped from 71 to 78½ in six days.

FIRE FATALITY.



Lady Macpherson-Grant, wife of Sir John Macpherson-Grant, Bart., of Balindalloch Castle, near Elgin, who has died. Her clothing became ignited by some means not yet explained, and despite valiant aid she suffered severely afterwards. She took a great interest in nursing associations and was greatly respected on Speyside.

WANT PAY FOR PLAYING.

The Actors' Organisation will hold a meeting in the Chandos Hall on Tuesday when it is proposed to form a body to be called "The Actors' Pay for Play League."

Resolutions demanding extra payment for twice nightly performances; payment for rehearsals, and payment for matinees will be submitted.

The Court, however, insisted on her answering the question, and the girl therupon opened a vein in court.

She now lies in danger of death.—Reuter.

An Italian named Ristori jumped overboard from the American liner St. Louis yesterday and was drowned.

SOLDIER AND HIS "HALF-YEARLY."

Story of Alleged Money Gifts in Canteen Case.

STRANGE "REMINDERS."

(Continued from page 3.)

the firm did not recognise the fact, and the impression was that he would be responsible.

Proceeding witness said that he secured other contracts and had to make further payments. Those payments were made to orderly-room sergeants, sergeant-majors and quartermasters. Some of the payments he made himself, but as a rule they were supplied through local inspectors. He (witness) provided the inspectors with the money. Mr. Muir then dealt with Lieutenant Armstrong's case.

Witness identified a letter which Pegley had sent him. It was written, to the best of his recollection, in 1908. Pegley was then inspector of the Eastern Counties and Lieutenant Armstrong quartermaster of the Norfolk Regt., who were stationed at Warley.

The witness having given evidence as to money having been sent to Pegley at Warley, Mr. Muir asked: "Was there anything at Warley receiving pecuniary payment?"

The witness replied that to the best of his belief Armstrong was receiving such sums.

Another undated letter from Pegley was handed to witness, who said it was written approximately between 1908 and 1909. A portion ran:—

"When I was at Hounslow I met Mr. Armstrong, brother of the quartermaster of the Norfolk Regt., and Armstrong is Inspector for R. D. and Co. (Richard Dickenson). He is a good man but satisfied with the way R. D. and Co. is treating us."

A third letter was dated October 4, 1908, and marked "Private." It read: "Just a line to say that 'A.' Warley, has reminded me of—"

"EVERYTHING FOR NOTHING."

phrase occurred. "Just a reminder re A., Warley. He says was due early January."

Witness said that the letter meant that Armstrong had reminded Pegley that payment was due. In November, 1909, Pegley wrote:—

"From what I can gather this afternoon, it appears that when the brigade was in camp in Ipswich, it was after the regiment's arrival, that payment giving everything for nothing, with the object of retaining them on arrival at Ipswich. However, I think that everything will go well. I will write on Friday, when I will stand over £25 to—"

In further evidence the witness gave details of a conversation he had had with Armstrong at Aldershot at the end of 1910 or the beginning of 1911. He said:—

"We had a conversation with regard to payments and I told him that the firm of Lipton wanted to stop that practice. I suggested that he should do so himself, and he said something about stopping it altogether. I remember his saying he was sorry he had ever had anything to do with Lipton's. Dow had offered £50 a year, as against £220 by Lipton's."

Mr. Muir then turned to the case of Sergeant-Major Bennett.

Sawyer stated that he had some correspondence with Mr. Dow, the canteen manager, in the West Riding Regiment, on Salisbury Plain, with regard to Bennett.

"LOOKING FOR HIS HALF-YEARLY."

On January 10, 1910, he received the following reply from Owen: "The S.M. West Riding Regiment is looking for his half-yearly. I believe it was due in October."

"Who was the S.M.?" asked Mr. Muir.

Witness replied that it would be the sergeant-major of the West Riding Regiment. He added that in consequence of that letter he sent £20 by registered letter on January 21, 1910.

On June 16, 1909, Burns wrote to witness as follows:—

"I have told B.—, the regimental sergeant-major of the unit, that you would look after him if you had the interests of the firm looked after. I am writing to you again. You will tell him you will allow him £25 cash when you have done for me. Let me know if it is all right."

The witness was next examined in relation to his dealings with Lieutenant Johnson. He produced a letter from Pegley dated "Colchester, Sunday," with the following text:—"B. of E. £5 for J. which will be handed to J. in gold on Tuesday."

Witness understood that B. of E. meant Bank of England, and that J. stood for Johnson.

FATE OF A WIFE'S PROTECTOR.

Mrs. Ford was yesterday, in the High Court, granted a judicial separation from her husband, Mr. Ford, by a Bridlington horse dealer, and also costs and custody of the child.

The petitioner, it will be recalled, alleged that her husband had violently ill-treated her. This he denied.

Mr. Ford, further cross-examined by Mr. Barnard, K.C., denied that his wife went away because he called her disgusting names and was violent to her.

He admitted that he threw a Mr. Todd downstairs when his wife called that gentleman in for protection.

THRASHED FOR LAYING DRAG.

ANWOOD, Jan. 30.—An account of the thrashing he inflicted on a farmer has been given by Mr. Osborn, 100, Member of the Tedworth Hounds.

"We met on Thursday," he said, "at Abbott's Ann, but though we found a fox the hounds could do nothing with him, as there was no scent. When I recognised after that that a drag had been laid I let the hounds go on with the object of catching the drag-layer. Having caught him I gave him a good thrashing in front of the whole field, who supported me in my action."

THOUSANDS IN A WORD.

How a £20,000 Contract by a Typist's Slip Was Turned Into a £133,400 One.

A mistake by a typist in a schedule of prices, in which the words "cubic feet" had been substituted for "cubic yards" led to a case in the Chancery Division yesterday.

The Commissioners of Works claimed rectification of a contract for the building of the Wimpole Street Post Office with Mr. Frederick King, trading as King and Son, contractors.

The Solicitor-General explained that the contract was entered into with the defendant in 1906.

In a schedule of prices, by the minute of a typist, the words "cubic feet" had been substituted for "cubic yards" and on this computation a £20,000 contract would work out at £133,400.

The Solicitor-General added that he did not know what the defendant would say of the mistake unless he urged that the word was put in by a benevolent Government in order that they might pay twenty-seven times as much as they were bound to pay. Mr. King, giving evidence, said he did not mind the schedule before he signed it. When the mistake was pointed out he had no wish to press an undue advantage. In many cases, Mr. King said, they had not treated him fairly.

Mr. Justice Sargent, giving judgment, said the Court had ample jurisdiction to rectify. Mr. King, suggesting he had not been treated fairly before, on which there was no evidence, set up a claim to enforce an account to be paid at this ridiculous price.

It seems to me," his Lordship added, "the claim put forward by Mr. King is extravagant and exorbitant. He is seeking to take advantage of the defendant." (Photograph on page 16.)

MAROONED AT ST. KILDA.

Stranger Who Could Not Get Away—A Wireless Call for Help.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

ST. KILDA, Jan. 30 (by *Daily Mirror* Wireless). There was great excitement here at the arrival of the steamer *Polar Star*, which entered the bay at 11 a.m., amidst a heavy mist.

The boat came in response to an appeal for medical aid for a sick woman, which was made to



THE WIRELESS APPARATUS.

the Admiralty by means of *The Daily Mirror* Wireless Station a few days ago.

The trained nurse who had been sent on the steamer examined the patient and left bandages and ointments.

The boat had to leave about an hour later owing to the rough state of the weather, and the nurse returned with the boat.

It had been intended to take the patient to Stornoway for treatment, but, owing to the weather conditions and to the fact that she was unable to walk, her removal was impossible.

A stranger who arrived at St. Kilda by a trawler on Christmas morning was unable to get a boat back to the mainland until the Polar Star arrived.

£100 KENT REEKS REWARD.

A reward of £100 has been offered by the police for information leading to the arrest and conviction of the murderer of Kent Reeks at Ettingshall, near Bilston.

Information may be given to either the Liverpool police or the chief constable of Staffordshire.

The reward notices state that the police are still most anxious to hear from J. H. Ramsden, who must have some knowledge of the intended movements of Kent Reeks.

BRITISH OFFICER SHOT AT DANCE.

DELHI, Jan. 30.—Captain H. Butler, of the Corps of Guides, who had been lent to the South Waziristan Militia, was shot dead last evening by a sepoy while attending a sepoy dance at Wana. The murderer has been arrested.—Reuter.

THE WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for the week-end is: Fresh or strong winds from the south and west; cloudy and showery; mild.

Saturday. Wind up to 5.45 p.m. 5.45 p.m.

Lightning at London Bridge . . . 5.15 a.m. 5.45 p.m.

LONDON. Observations, Hobson Circus, City.

6 p.m.—Barometer, 30.06in., unsteady; temperature, 50°; wind, S.W.; fresh; weather, cloudy and mild; rain at times.

Sea passages will be rough.



Guest of the King.

The Countess of Cadogan. Lord Cadogan, who, with his charming young wife, has been staying at Windsor with the King, scarcely looks his age, which is two or three months short of seventy-five. It will be remembered he married the Countess Adele Palagi in Italy three years ago, to the great surprise of his friends. His chief interest is in the development of his fine property in Chelsea and Cadogan-square.

Women and Boxing.

Women are taking a keen interest in boxing just now. There will be any number of women present at the Blake v. Wells contest at the Palladium on the evening of March 3. Yesterday quite a number of fashionable women called at the booking office for the contest at the Waldorf Hotel and bought seats with as much care as though they were selecting tweeds.

The Fighting Sisterhood.

The boxer who has been engaged to teach the suffragettes the "noble art" tells me that many of the women are showing extraordinary aptitude for the fighting business. One or two of them would make some of our "white hopes" go all the distance. I hope the police will be prepared, when Parliament meets, for some shrewd blows.

To-day's Golf Story.

"Sandy" Herd, who, with George Duncan, has just broken a record in the south of France, was once playing a foursome, partnered by an amateur, against Tom Ball and another amateur. Sandy's partner was about to attempt a shot out of a "grip," but was stopped by Sandy bidding him "pick up." "Pick up?" queried his partner, "but it's an easy shot." "Easy it may be," retorted Sandy with infinite scorn, "but it's no gowf."

Short Addresses.

"Mip" and "Pim" are the shortest addresses recorded this year in "Sell's Directory of Registered Telegraphic Addresses," while the longest is "Gondramangili." The latter, of course, is German. The new "indicator" word added to telegraphic addresses to expedite the delivery of telegrams has produced some amusing word combinations, like "Sweltry Knights," "Unsuited May," and "Enticing Grace."

Harry Thurston III.

It is sad news to hear that Mr. Harry Thurston, a really brilliant burlesque artist, has had to sever his connection with "Hullo, Tango!" through sudden illness. The management were anxious to secure Mr. Thurston as their principal attraction when "Hullo, Tango!" went on tour, but existing engagements made such an arrangement impossible. Now Mr. Thurston is ordered rest and quiet for the present. He deserves a rest.



Mr. Harry Thurston.

NO JAM FOR BAD BOYS.

Bread and Butter Unadorned for Unruly Youngsters in Schools.

Naughty boys—no jam! This is the terrible form of punishment which the London Education Committee has adopted as a form of correction for unruly boys in reformatory and industrial schools.

And this is a sample of the reduced menu by which bad boys are punished:

Breakfast—More porridge and more bread and butter—but no jam. Dinner—More meat, more vegetables—but no pudding. Tea—More bread and butter—but no plum cake.

It will be seen that jam, puddings and plum cake, which may be almost called a staple diet of food for small boys, have ruthlessly been cut off. Is there not an admirable form of punishment, but is it not a health-harmful point of view?

A medical man told *The Daily Mirror* yesterday that the worst of all punishments which could be devised in the case of children was depriving them of food which they were used to or fond of.

"If certain food is taken away," he said, "it should be seen to that other food is substituted which is equally nutritious and meets the physical requirements of the child."

"To take away something from a boy's menu is quite wrong. It is wholesome, warming, fattening diet, and growing boys need it. Boiled jam roll in particular is a fuel food, the chief property of which is to create warmth in the body. To young people it is also one of the most satisfying and strength sustaining foods there are."

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP**Cult of the Foils.**

I hear there is a revival of fencing as a pastime for the social world. More than one West End fencing school has experienced a considerable influx of pupils, and the maîtres d'armes are preparing for a busy time with the foils. A considerable proportion of the would-be swordsmen are women and young girls, who are every whit as enthusiastic as the men.

Coloured London.

People talk about the grey streets of London, but I noticed from the inside of a motor-omnibus yesterday in my immediate sight, besides the numerous red motor-omnibuses, several green taxicabs, one light blue motor-car and one mauve motor-car. Add to these pink and green newspaper posters and a red letter-box, and there was quite enough colour to satisfy one for a few minutes.

A. B.-P. Christening.

"Arthur Robert Peter." These, I am informed, are to be the names of the infant son of Lieutenant-General Sir Robert and Lady Baden-Powell, and the heir to the boy scout movement. They will be given to him on February 14 at St. Peter's, Parkstone, Dorset. It may be remembered that the christening ceremony had to be postponed on account of the indisposition of Lady Baden-Powell. The Duke of Connaught is to be one of the godfathers, and that is why the child's first name is Arthur. He is one of the luckiest babies alive, for he has simply been inundated with presents from various troops of boy scouts.

Decaying Clubs.

There is a big slump in the membership of the best West End clubs just now. Moreover, the members are not using the clubs as they used to do. The old club like that Thackeray so loved to describe seems utterly gone. One seldom or never hears a man described as a "great club-man" in these days.

Chop and Change.

Leeds has now a luncheon club. It is conducted by the Vice-Chancellor of Leeds University, and he tells me that he has secured 200 members. Luncheon is served at small tables, and each member, as far as possible, sits with a different luncheon companion every day.

The Chivalrous City.

There is one very old-fashioned custom at the Guildhall Library. An alcove at the far end is reserved for lady readers, who are railed and gated off from the mere male visitors. It is quite a medieval survival, for at the British Museum reading room there is not even one desk reserved for "ladies only."

SECRET STAGE WEDDING.

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's Daughter Married to Lord Antrim's Second Son.

OTTAWA, Jan. 30.—The Hon. Angus McDonnell, second son of Lord Antrim, who is at present a guest of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught here, was married at Evansville, Illinois, on December 19 last to Miss Ethelwyn Sylvia Arthur, the daughter of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, the dramatist.

Miss Arthur Jones was a member of a theatrical company playing at Chicago, and the news of the marriage was withheld until the bride had completed her theatrical engagement.

The couple will reside in future at Mr. McDonnell's fruit farm in British Columbia.—Reuter.

Mr. McDonnell is thirty-three. His elder brother, the heir to the peerage, is Viscount Dunlewey.

Miss Ethelwyn Arthur Jones is the youngest of the dramatist's three daughters. She was formerly the wife of Mr. M. V. Leveaux, joint manager of the Alhambra, and has acted in many of her father's plays.

(Photograph on page 9.)

THE KING AND QUEEN'S PARIS VISIT

The King and Queen will pay a visit to the French President at Paris in April next if their engagements permit.

The notice of this decision was issued by Lord Stamfordham last night.

The Bare-Backed Craze.

There was a tremendous rush of ladies to the bare-backed photographic studios yesterday, and, as usual with a new fad or fashion, the strangest people are taking up the craze. People with the ugliest backs want them photographed immediately.

No Nose Rings.

This reminds me that the desperate attempts to popularise the nose ring have signally failed. Polaire tried to set the fashion, but the woman with the smallest waist in the world has one of those strange personalities which are a law unto themselves. The nose ring did not look out of place on Polaire. But some of the ladies who tried to follow her example at the London supper clubs looked anything rather than charming.

Royal Earrings Return.

There is likely to be a big revival in earrings, and the fashion will be directly attributable to the example of Queen Mary. Earrings are her favourite ornaments. She wears them constantly herself, and has just recently had

Princess Mary's ears pierced. Personally, I should love to see the long pear-shaped earrings return to favour. They look tantalising, but delightful, against a dark mask cheek.

Dummies and Deceit.

It is difficult to know whom to trust these days. Yesterday I saw a sight which is rather unusual. A beautifully-dressed child in an up-to-date go-cart was wheeled across the road from the Park. There were two nurses in smart uniforms in attendance. The child had a comforter in its mouth. Getting to Great Cumberland place, the head nurse removed the comforter and hid it. Apparently they were getting home. Of course, it is not quite the thing for nice children to be about the streets sucking comforters.

Too Strong.

A Shoe-lane merchant, who spends a month occasionally on the Italian Riviera, where the atmosphere conduces more to laziness than does Shoe-lane's, tells me that, while travelling between S. Margherita and Genoa, the other day, he was compelled to leave his carriage and stand in the corridor for hours. Why? Because the other passengers were so repulsive of garlic that he had to quit it or be stifled by the favourite flavour of the Italians. "The air was so thick with garlic fumes," he said, "that you could have sewn buttons on it."

Miss Marie Lloyd Staying in U.S.A.

I have just heard that Miss Marie Lloyd is going to prolong her stay in America until April. The long journeys from town to town she finds most trying, but the audiences are "lovely everywhere."



Lady Baden-Powell, who has been induced to pose. Her infant will shortly be christened. (Rita Martin.)

Puck as a Man.

One of the most notable features of Mr. Granville Barker's revival of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" will be the fact that, for the first time since the day of Queen Elizabeth, the part of Puck is to be played by a man (Mr. Donald Calthrop). Mr. Barker contends that Puck is essentially a male character, and that it was not only because no feminine players were available that Shakespeare cast a man for the part. The innovation is certain to give rise to considerable discussion.

English Dancers.

Mr. Alan Glen, the English dancer, tells me that he has been specially engaged to appear in Brussels. This is a signal honour for a British male dancer, although, of course, English girl dancers have been consistently popular on the Continent for years past.

Champagne for the Cold.

The proprietor of a little wineshop in the West End tells me that he loves cold and frosty weather. "On a cold morning all his customers come in and drink champagne. He offers no explanation of this habit; he simply chronicles it as a fact."

The Elusive Fox.

In connection with the gossip about "Foxes Galore," a correspondent writes me to say that while hunting with the Boscombe Fox-hounds last Friday he saw as many as fourteen foxes at once. There was not a kill.

The Sorrows of Satan.

"Life as a working mascot is hard," thinks a certain black cat in Burdett-road. "Satan," as he is called, belongs to a landlady who lets lodgings to marine officers working for their "ticket" examination, and he plays a large part in the provision she makes for sailor-superstitions. On the morning when an examinee fares forth to meet his tormentors, the landlady gives him a lump of coal, lends him a tiny, well-worn silver horseshoe and, to reinforce the efficacy of these charms, hurls Satan after him! Only once last year did one of her boarders fail, and he had refused to have the cat thrown at him.

A Damascus Room.

Lady Sackville's knowledge and love of art treasures is well known, and apocryphal of this, I hear that a wonderful "Damascus" room has just been completed at Knole, Sevenoaks. A well-known Oxford-street firm has fitted up the room, which is filled with costly stone ornaments, bric-a-brac, carpets, etc., specially exported to England from the East. I understand that, in a few weeks' time, Lady Sackville is inviting a party of friends down to Knole to see this latest attraction of her wonderful home.

THE RAMBLER.

Mr. Donald Calthrop.



Lady Sackville.

"SHRIEKS AND MOANS."

Bishop of London's Visit to Militant in Gaol—Well-Warmed Cell.

If Miss Ansell heard shrieks they could not have uttered by Miss Peace, and the fears you express with regard to her condition are not borne out by the facts.

This is part of the Bishop of London's letter to Mrs. Diplock, who was chosen by the Women's Social and Political Union to interview him with reference to Miss Rachel Peace, a militant prisoner, whose health was said to have been affected by forcible feeding in Holloway Gaol.

The Bishop was asked to investigate a statement by Miss Ansell, who "went in" last Monday, and later wrote suggesting that a Bishop or an M.P. should visit Miss Peace.

She said that on Tuesday she was awakened by a shriek of "uncontrollable, terrible pain" and heard no more. From the silence that followed the shriek of the girl she inferred that Miss Peace was in the padded cell. The same thing occurred on subsequent days.

Describing his visit to the prison the Bishop writes:—

"I found Miss Peace in the 'Remand Hospital.' She was lying on a comfortable bed in a well-ventilated cell. Her face was pale, but she was not unconscious. I asked her whether she had ever shrieked. She said that she may have uttered one exclamation once, but that she had never shrieked.

She told the Bishop she had never been in a padded cell, and complained only that she was kept in prison when others were released.

NUGGET BOOT POLISHES

NOW SOLD IN 3 SIZES

1d



2d

4½d

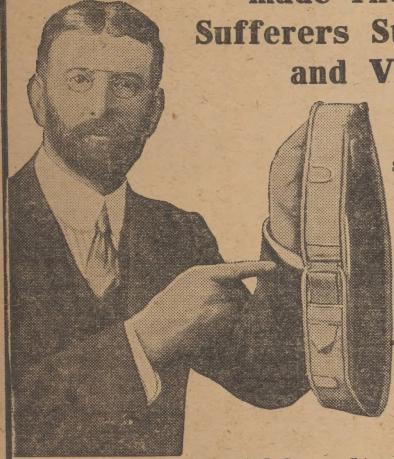
"NUGGET," the highest grade of Boot Polishes is now obtainable from all Bootmakers, Grocers, and Stores, in 1d., 2d., and 4½d. tins.

BLACK OR BROWN.

See the word "NUGGET" on tins—Refuse inferior Substitutes.

"Did you 'NUGGET' your boots this morning?"

This Wonderful Magneto Belt has made Thousands of Sufferers Strong, Healthy and Vigorous.



Be Courageous and Self-reliant. Don't Be Down-hearted. Have a Bright Brain, a Healthy Body, and Iron Nerves, by wearing one of my Magneto Belts

MY MAGNETO BELT WILL HELP YOU.

I will send you one for 1/-

(See Coupon below)

My Magneto Belt Relieves Pain, Removes Weakness, Builds Up the Mental and Nervous System, Cures Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Restores Vitality.

Magneto, Nature's great art in health restoration and maintenance, goes unfailingly and directly to the root of the trouble. Specific ailments are positively and permanently eradicated with vitality in just the same manner as a gentle rainfall saturates the parched earth. The nerves have been strengthened, weakened and disordered digestive systems have been slowly but surely restored to normal. Poisons in the blood, breeding a host of ills, including Backache, Kidney Trouble, Rheumatism, Lumbago, and Sciatica, have been banished. In a word, the wonderful human machine has been literally recreated.

Its influence is active from the moment you begin to wear it. Its Magnetism gives you New Life. You face each day with Courage. The haunting shadows of Painful Disease, the spectre of Death, the Future, no longer dogs you day by day. If you are ill and want to be well, if you are fairly well but want to be better, if you feel tired and want to be strong, if you want to maintain the vitality if you want to be steel-proof against the crafty advances of disease, then take the surest and greatest safeguard against all these ills. Fill in the coupon. Post it with 1s., and you will receive my marvellous "Belt of Life" by return of post.

CALL AND SEE ME AND LET ME DEMONSTRATE THE POWER OF MY BELT TO YOU.

"NEW LIFE" COUPON. POST TO-DAY.

To Mr. AMBROSE WILSON,
11, Vulcan House,
Vauxhall, London, S.C.

Simply write your full name and address on a piece of paper, fill in your waist measurement, pin coupon to paper, and post it to me at once.

Please make my return address on a piece of paper, and if I do not return Bill within seven days I will pay you the balance of 4s. either in one sum or by weekly instalments of 1s.

Size of waist inches.

NOTE.—Foreign and Colonial Orders must be accompanied by the full amount and 1s. extra to pay for postage.

RENEWED YOUTH FOR THE GREY-HAIRED.

Sensational Success of Great Discovery that Actually Restores the Splendid Colour to White and Grey Hair Without Dyes or Stains.

"NO MORE GREY HAIR," SAYS ROYAL HAIR-SPECIALIST, WHO TO-DAY MAKES A WONDERFUL COLOUR-RESTORING GIFT TO EVERY GREY-HAIRED READER.

To actually restore the original natural colour to grey, white or faded hair is now an easy, pleasing and inexpensive toilet task that any reader may accomplish. To give renewed youth to a prematurely aged appearance is within the grasp of all.

In one triumphant sweep all the old difficulties have been overcome by the great discovery of the Court Hair Specialist, Mr. Edwards, already famous as the discoverer of "Harlene" and the

will send you, not only a free supply of his famous "Astol" preparation, but also a comprehensive illustrated handbook on all forms of:

Partial or Complete Greyness.
Loss of Tone and Colour.
Partial or Iron Greying.
Grey Hair of Many Years Standing.
White Hair.
Hair That Has Gone Suddenly Grey or White.
Hair Greying Through Illness, etc.

Thus, however old you appear



inventor of "Harlene" Hair-Drill."

No more remarkable boon has ever been conferred on the public. All the expensive and unsatisfactory dyes and stains, and all the special "treatments" that might or might not be successful, are superseded by the opportune discovery of "Astol," and the unique free gift offered to-day to all who are grey or going grey afford every such reader a splendid opportunity of re-vitalising the health of the hair and re-flooding it with all the glory of its original colour.

AMAZING SCIENTIFIC FACTS CONCERNING "ASTOL."

The astonishing colour-restoring properties of "Astol" provide a veritable romance of scientific achievement. No sensitive men or women like to use dyes and colouring solutions, which at the best are easily detectable and are often poisonous to the hair-growth. This is one of the greatest advantages of "Astol," which quickly induces the lost colouring matter to return to the hair cells *entirely by natural means*.

The astounding scientific reasons for this wonderful influence in the hair were explained by Mr. Edwards to an interviewer.

"The human hair," said Mr. Edwards, "is just the same as that of animals, derives its colour from the pigment or colouring matter in the pigmentary cells. There are cells to every single hair in the head. When these hairs begin to turn grey or white uniformly over the whole scalp, the reason is that every cell is simultaneously affected by a deterioration of the nerve fibres, which control the 'storing up' of the colouring pigment. Partial or patchy greyness and loss of colour are caused in the same way. Now, when 'Astol' is applied it rapidly permeates these colouring cells and renewes their activity, so that the original colour comes back and is

"ABSORBED INTO EVERY HAIR SHAFT FROM THE ROOT UPWARDS."

"It is not the 'Astol' fluid itself that is absorbed into the hair shaft. This applies only to the colouring cells in the roots, and that indeed is all that is required to restore the lost colour permanently."

"Astol" itself is a semi-transparent, hygienic, stimulating preparation that contains the least disagreeable greasiness or stickiness. It is really a nerve stimulant that lastingly revives the dormant colouring cells by direct absorption.

If you find this difficult to understand—or, to believe—you are asked to prove it yourself without one penny of cost. Mr. Edwards, the discoverer,

because of this harassing hair trouble—don't worry—but send for your free trial supply of "Astol."

Nothing stops a woman from the achievement of a real social triumph more than a prematurely aged appearance and worried look caused by grey or white hair. Nothing handicaps a man who feels young and can work hard in business more than this scourge of greyness that makes him look so many years too old. In both cases the younger, smarter people with "personality" and force stamped upon their appearance, who get ahead and who are the most dangerous rivals.

LOOK IN THE GLASS AND SEE THE GLORIOUS COLOUR CREEPING BACK.

This is what a home test with your free trial supply of "Astol" enables you to do. Start applying it according to the specially drawn up directions (quite simple and easy to follow) from to-morrow onwards and see how gradually and surely your hair is once more turning back to its original beauty and all the lustre of health and brightness of youth. Why, it takes 20 to 50 per cent. off your age.

Send now and receive a blend trial gift by return of post. There is no delay whatever; no application is required, and not a penny of cost for any item of the outfit! Simply send the form below with 2d. in stamps to cover postage, and we will send you:

1. A Free Trial Bottle of "Astol" to enable you to start your youth-renewing toilet without loss of time.

2. A Copy of our Book, "Good News for the Grey-Haired," that gives full particulars of "Astol" and how to get the best and speediest Restoration of Colour to the hair by its means.

All leading chemists and stores are stocking "ASTOL" now. It is supplied in 2s., 9d. and 4s. bottles, which can also be obtained direct if desired. If a crossed cheque or postal order is enclosed. All direct orders (except foreign) are dispatched post free.

RENEWED YOUTH FOR THE GREY.

EDWARDS' "HARLENE" CO.,
104, High Holborn, London, W.C.

Will send a complete "Astol" Trial Outfit in return for this coupon and 2d. stamps to pay postage anywhere in the world. Foreign stamp accepted.

Name

Address

NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising and General Business Offices of
The Daily Mirror are at
23-29, BOUVIER-STREET, LONDON, E.C.
TELEPHONES: 6100 Holloway (five lines).
PROVINCIAL CALLS: 125 T.S., London.
TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: "Reflexed," Fleet, London.
PARIS OFFICE: 56, Rue du Sentier.

Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1914.

A PATRIOT.

HERE are several futurist conceptions of patriotism, fashionable at the moment; some with a more or less economic connotation; others idealistic; few, however, as fiercely determined, as violently localised, as the older sorts of prejudiced patriotism that prevailed in days when all foreigners were devils to be shot at sight—“jingo” days (as no doubt we should now call them) of merry England for ever sufficient to herself. Patriotism, on the whole, tends to become more “enlightened.” It is even accommodating at times, as in that definition of it which assures us that a man’s country is there where a man is comfortable.

This widening (or perhaps diminution) in patriotic ardour makes such a man as Paul Déroulède, whose death was announced yesterday, all the more interesting; for his was a patriotism of the old fanatical persuasion; and his fanaticism, while it occasionally made him ridiculous, also gave him a force few who met him or even saw him could resist.

His vehement moustache, the haggard and pained look in his eyes, his nose à la Cyrano, the air of dignified bristle about him, showed him as one who wasn’t to be trifled with on anything that really mattered. But nothing really mattered to Déroulède, but France—his France; a thing owned by him, which gripped him in return eternally.

A thing, we say: rather, a person; living, visible, tangible, as the brown earth was under the common soldier’s feet, when, in 1870, he enlisted with the others to relieve France in her agony.

Presenting himself to his colonel on that occasion, Déroulède, pale, lean, ardent, appeared a doubtfully competent recruit; and the story goes that the colonel reminded him that “the knapsack is a heavy load to carry.” Déroulède’s reply had the true Cyrano ring about it. “Not so heavy as shame,” he said.

“What a gesture!” you may say, commenting upon that; worthy indeed of Cyrano—*quel geste!* And perhaps you smile. But then you grow serious again, for it is indeed a magnificent answer, and there was in those words, as in many a song with which Déroulède enriched the literature of French patriotism, the invincible ring of steel unyielding, all-sacrificing, clash and clatter of war. “Not so heavy as shame!” It is a noble answer.

At other times Déroulède, if you like, “made rather an ass of himself”; and was (like most patriots) for upsetting the existing order of things in France, in favour of his own “patriots”—that is, his own party. An identification of one’s party with one’s country is not an optical illusion peculiar to Frenchmen. And thus Déroulède would have had General Roget “march upon the Elysée.” He got punished with exile—frequent destiny of patriots, since Thucydides’ time. Now, however, we may be sure that he will be received amongst those who “well merited of their Fatherland,” in the Pantheon; because, with his exaggerations, he recognised that all burdens are nothing, beside the burden of shame.

W. M.

The seventh volume of Mr. Haeselden’s cartoons is now ready. It contains over a hundred of the best of those published during the past year. You may buy “Daily Mirror Reflections” for 6d. at any bookstall, or you may obtain it post free for 8d. from “The Daily Mirror,” 23, Bouverie-street, E.C.

THROUGH “THE MIRROR.”**SPEAKING FOREIGN LANGUAGES.**

I SHOULD like to take this opportunity of endorsing what “W. M.” says in his article of recent date. I am certainly of the opinion that there are too many people about who “speak” foreign languages.

There is nothing so distasteful to the man who has studied hard for years to acquire a first-rate knowledge of one or two tongues as to hear the claims of these people who “speak several foreign languages.” I am of the opinion that such people should have a shorter career in London than elsewhere, as it is there so easy to take these self-styled linguists to restaurants where the several tongues are spoken.

“W. M.” assures us in his article that “you will tremble with embarrassment as he asks the waiter what’s ready.”

“W. M.” has apparently forgotten that more

NO SOLUTION.

OUR article in to-day’s issue of your eternally interesting paper contains, in a nutshell, the truth about emigration. The ordinary emigrant is, at any rate, not so much a land where dreams come true, as a country where people have to wake up.

I returned from the “golden west” several months ago, having spent some time in Vancouver, the capital of British Columbia. My parents passed through Vancouver when it was known as “Burke’s Inlet,” and consisted of a handful of people only. I was born at Victoria, on Vancouver Island, but since then “things have moved.” My last visit convinced me that Canada is no longer the country for the worker, but the land of the capitalist. From coast to coast it is the same—everyone has either dollar-delirium or despair.

NEW BOOKS.

What to Put Down on the Library List This Week-End.

WE remember long ago hearing an elderly but genial person asking at Mudie’s for “some of the latest rubbish, please.”

The young man behind the counter, who lacked imagination and the power of literary criticism, at once recommended a book by Thomas Hardy. “Oh, but you don’t call that ‘rubbish,’ do you?” protested the elderly lady. And she entered upon an elderly sort of flirtation with him; while he much wanted, no doubt, to get on with his work and the next customer.

Still; we have always supposed that there is, in the libraries, a definite demand, not for worth-while literature, but for something you needn’t “concentrate on,” something you can read at odd moments; railway reading; something you can begin anywhere and go on with anywhere else.

Killing time is not a bad idea, though it may be harsh a word. But it will serve, if you understand that it need not imply complete absence of literary merit. We only mean that it must be easy to read, with “conversations,” such as Lewis Carroll’s “Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland.”

Most of this week’s novels are of that sort. One only—Mr. Lindsay Basford’s “Splendrum” (Chapman and Hall, 6s.)—is more serious. The others will do to pass the time.

Very nice, Mrs. Leverton’s “Birds of Paradise” (Grant Richards, 6s.). It is all conversations—all spaced-out print, attractive, irresistible.

You need not worry about the story; and, indeed, Mrs. Leverton has time to worry about a little too obviously. She tries to explain her dull-like characters, to deepen them, to be psychological. It won’t do. They remain mere puppets, doing, we must say, very conventional things and ending absurdly happily—even the tale of Mr. Nigell, who married for money, and was tormented by a madly jealous and rather ugly wife. That could never have ended happily. But it is for her wit, her hammering definitions, her appearances in popular places that we like Mrs. Leverton; and this wit here remains, though it is not so liberally scattered as it was in “The Limit.” Still, it is delightful to know about Lady Killynclynch, for instance—a tall, stately blonde woman, who hated a florist, about 1885, and “never got away” from the Queen Victoria’s first Jubilee! :-

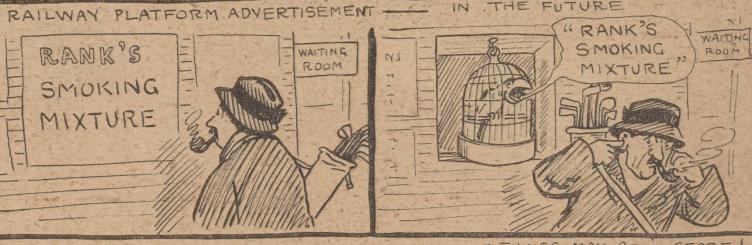
Lady Killynclynch had a success in 1887; she cheered ten thousand people in an enormous bustle, with an impossibly small waist, a thick, tight, coo collar. The bald back looked about the ears and the extra bustle, though having a switchback made her look much older than she did. But imagine the poor young widow, now probably “retired” general, who had to stand in the middle of the country, going to the dogs, an attaché, long since married, and a son, though her husband and one or two other men had greatly admired her; her portrait, and the Prince of Wales (as he then was) had a glass during the performance of “Gounod’s Romeo and Juliet.”

It is pleasant, too, to hear about the review called “That Will Be Fourpence,” in which the Simulacrum Dancers, the Misses Zaniz and Lumine Le Face, appeared—“one, I fancy, is more animal than the other. Forget that, and about the ‘fairy.’” Sir George Somers, who “soon began to feel very valuable in a sort of English, which, though not exactly broken, was decidedly cracked,” and about the ‘95 period when “things” were different—people thought girls like Mr. Harvey’s letter; and a telegrapher makes a fine improbable Mr. Basford, who makes a fine improbable Mr. Basford, who makes a fine improbable

“However, very vigorously told on the older fashioned lines, and allusions to modern issues, date.”

IN THE DAYS OF SPOKEN ADVERTISEMENTS

THE WRITTEN WORD IN A RAILWAY CARRIAGE MAY GIVE PLACE TO THE MOUTH-TO-EAR ADVERTISEMENT



An awful suggestion has been going about lately to the effect that commercial products are soon to be everywhere advertised on the “mouth-to-ear” principle—by the human shout, rather than the written word. What will the world be like in the coming days?—(By Mr. W. K. Haeselden.)

frequently it is our so-called linguist who trembles with embarrassment. Their French is nearly always of the “donnez-moi” type—a well-known weakness on the part of people who think they can speak French.

THE GIFTS.

When God at first made Man, Having a glass of blessings standing by; Let us (said He) pour on him all we can—

Let the world’s riches, which dispersed lie,

Contract into Spain;

Strength for strength, a way;

Then beauty to youth, then wisdom, honour, pleasure;

When almost all was out, God made a stay,

Percusing that alone, of all, His treasure

Rest in the bottom bay;

For if I should say He)

Bestow this jewel also on My creature;

He would adore My gifts instead of me;

And regard them as the greatest gift of Nature,

So both should losers be.

Yet let him keep the rest;

But keep them with repining restlessness;

Let him be rich and weary, that at least,

If goodness lead him not, yet wairness;

May toss him to My breast,

G. HERBERT.

As “W. M.” so clearly illustrates in his article, the emigrant does not realise what he is going out to. If a man cannot get work in England he will find it hard to get it in Canada. If he can get work in Canada he could have found it here.

To anyone contemplating emigration, it would say: Ask someone who has been there interested emigration agents. Make sure that you have enough money saved to support you there while finding work and to bring you back. Eradicate all physical weaknesses and become perfectly fit. Then search diligently for a job in your own trade or otherwise in this country; and, if you can find one at a wage sufficient to barely support you—

Jan. 29. DON’T EMIGRATE.

IN MY GARDEN.

JAN. 30.—The ranunculus family (crow) in our cup) provides some charming (Centranthus) gardens at this time of year.

The “Fair Maids-of-France” blossoms have some white, rose-like blossoms.

Then there are the various sorts of Turban Ranunculus—brilliant little flowers like little roses or double begonias. The roots should be planted

or double begonias. The roots should be planted

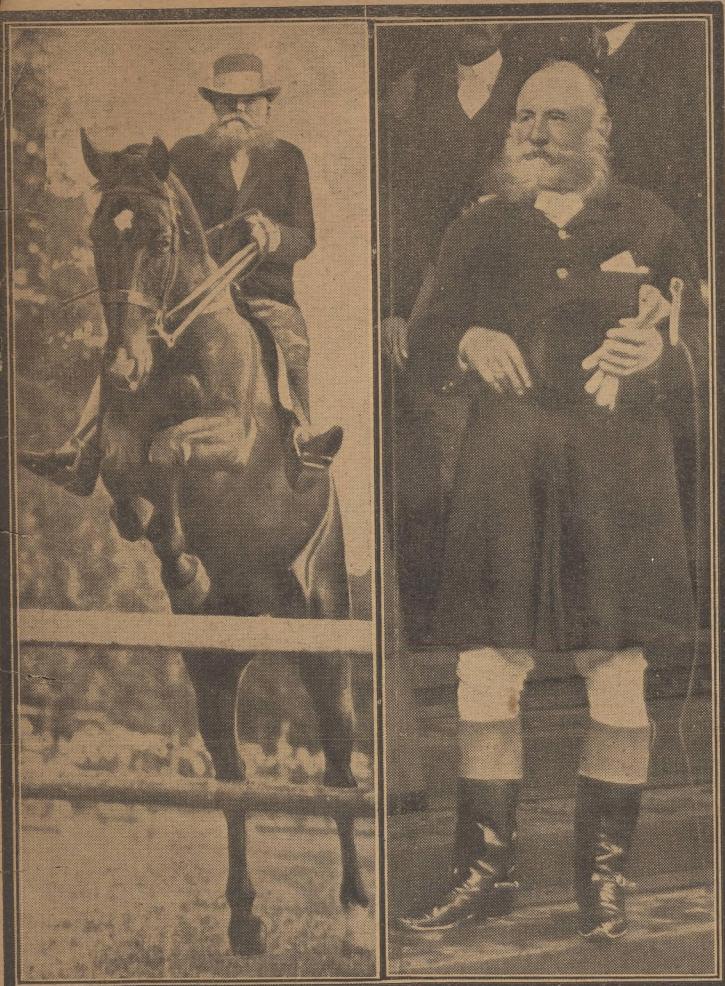
some time during the coming month.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

The vision of the Ideal guards monotony. Work from becoming monotony of life.—West.

coll.

Lord Harrington's Seventieth Birthday.



The veteran master of foxhounds, Lord Harrington, is to receive a presentation to-day at Locko Hall, Derby, in celebration of his seventieth birthday, which he celebrated this month. He is one of the keenest of foxhunters, and is shown in the pictures taking a jump and at a meet of hounds.

AN IRISH INCIDENT AT THE COURT.



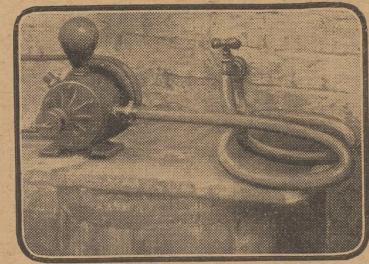
Mrs Eileen Desmond Deane as Maggie Murphy, in "Mrs. Murphy's Bet," an Irish incident, by Carmel Haden Guest. It was one of the new one-act plays presented at the Court Theatre by the Leverton Players.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

Tavern Supper Mania



The supper-room at the last Covent Garden ball took the form of this old English inn. Tavern suppers at balls are now the rage.

A HOME POWER HOUSE.



A machine which, getting its power from an ordinary main supply water-tap, can drive a sewing machine, knife machine or other household appliance. It can also be driven by steam or air.

AUTHOR DEAD.



M. Paul Déroulède, the French writer and politician, who has died. He was only twenty-three when he had a play produced at the Comédie Française. He also fought gallantly in 1870.

English as S

Gran Can

We offer
officers and
brands of E
nen drinks
prices, and a
three famidu
3 ticc 5 p. n

This is
soherc yon c
time during
shore.

Do not fo

Gran Can

PASEO D

M. 3005-1-1914-2500
On a recent visit of a Britis
pamphlet was distributed ame
Its English is a little dan



Decorated with woolly dog. Almost conce
Telephones are built solely for use, and a
add). The fashion, therefore, is to try and
golligwog or toy.—(

He Is "Writ."

Espanol

In the British
Halls, the best
British and French
the lowest
to concert by
artists from

only place
have a good
sons stay on

get the

Espanol

ALAMEDA

GO

"LA RUE DE PARIS" 1914

adron to Vigo, in Spain, this
officers and men of the fleet.
by the Spanish composer.

GUID: TWO CAPTAINS WHO RESCUED 96 PERSONS.

John L. Cann,
sixty-two.Westport,
sixty-four.

On the deck, showing a frozen boat.
the steamer. Splendid work was performed by the captains of the Westport and the John L. Cann, both of whom happen to be named McKinnon.

Composer as Hawker



Mr. Henry R. Metz, brother of the composer of the famous song "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay," selling his own songs in the Strand.

CAT'S HOT-WATER BOTTLE.



This cat has lived to the ripe old age of twenty, which is almost equivalent to 100 in a human being. But it feels the weight of years, and always has a hot-water bottle when it goes to bed.

Secretly Married to Lord Antrim's Son.



Miss Ethelwyn Sylvia Arthur Jones, daughter of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, the well-known dramatist, who has been married secretly in Illinois, U.S.A., to Mr. Angus McDonnell, second son of Lord Antrim. The bride was playing at Chicago before her marriage.—(Elwin Neame.)

FREAK TELEPHONES BECOMING POPULAR.

Telephone
add.). The

LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

ELPHI, Strand, at 2 and 8.15. Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS' New Production in "THE GIRL FROM UTAH." Matines every Saturday. Box-offices, 10 to 10. Tel., 2645 and 2886 Ger.

LIDWYCH.—TO-NIGHT, at 8. A Stirring Romantic Drama, THE QUEEN'S CHAMPION.

MAMBASSADOR'S.—To-day, 2.30 and 8.30. "TOLKIEN OF RUSSIA," D. 2.30. "SARAH KARENINA," 8.30. (Performances Matines, Thurs. and Sat., 2.30.) (Regent 2890, 4938).

TOLLO.—3.50, CHARLES HAWTREY in NEVER SAY DIE, by W. H. Post, 2.15, 8.10. The Wife Tamed, both plays, Weds., Sat., 2.15.

COMEDY THEATRE.—ALICE IN WONDERLAND, TO-DAY, at 3.30. LAST PERFORMANCE.

COMEDY.—TO-NIGHT, at 9 (Last Night). Mr. Tom B. Davis presents "THE MAN AND THE GIRL BARCOURT." At 8.30. THE THIRTEENTH, "OH I SAY!"

To-day, at 3 and 9. Mat., Wed. and Sat., 3 p.m. PRETTY LITTLE THINGS, 2.30. By the Author of "The Two Weeks."

ALY'S THEATRE.—TO-NIGHT, at 8. Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS' Production, MARRIAGE MARKET, Musical Play in 3 Act. (Regent 2600, 4938).

URY LANE.—1.30 and 7.30. Mats., Weds., Thurs., Sat., 1.30. THE SLEEPING BEAUTY AWAKENED, GEORGE GRAVES and FLORENCE LUTHERSON. Box-office, Tel., 2588 Ger.

DUKE OF YORK'S.—To-day, at 2 and Every Evening, at 8.30. QUALITY STREET.

AARRICK.—EVERY EVENING, at 8.31. Louis Meyer presents WHO'S THE LADY, a new three-act piece from the French. Mats., Weds., Sat., 2.30, from Feb. 4.

AARRICK.—MATINEES ONLY, 2.15. HERE'S THE RAINBOW, TO-DAY, at 2.30. LAST PERFORMANCE.

LA MARKET.—WITHIN THE LAW, To-day, 3 and 9. Produced by Sir Herbert Tree, 2.30, 50. "A Dear Little Wife," Mat., Weds., Thurs., Sat., 1.30.

IS MAJESTY'S.—TO-DAY, 2.15 and 8.15. THE DARLING OF THE RIVER, by MARIE LOHR. Matines, Wednesdays and Saturdays, at 2.15.

INGSWAY.—THE GREAT ADVENTURE, by Arnold Bennett, 2.30, 8.20. Mats., Weds., Sat., 1.30.

ITTLE THEATRE, John-st, Strand, 3 and 9. KENELM FOSS presents MAGIC, by G. K. HESTERTON, 2.30 and 8.30. The Mystery by BERTRAND, 2.30. Weds., Sat., 2.30. City 4827.

VECMU PANTOMIME, BABES IN THE WOOD, TWICE PALLY, at 2 and 7.30. Strongest pantomime Company in London. Prices, 5s. to 6d. Children at Matines, 4s to 6d. 7617-8 Ger.

YRIC.—THE GIRL WHO DIDN'T, TO-DAY, 2.15 and 8.15. MAT., WEDS., SATS., 2.15.

NEW YORK SHEPHERDESS WITHOUT A HEART, TO-DAY, 2.30, and TO-NIGHT, at 8. AS TWO PERFORMANCES.

DAYLAUGH.—2.30, 8.30. Mat., Weds., Sat., 2.30. MISS MARIE TEMPEST presents a new Comedy, ANY GOES FIRST, By HENRY ARTHUR JONES.

DRINKES.—Every Evening, at 8. Matines, Every Wed. and Sat., 2.30. WINTER HOLIDAY'S, new Musical Comedy, THE STORY OF THE ROSARY. Prices, 6d. to 5s. Box-office, 10-10. 5893 Ger.

QUEEN'S.—2.30, 8.30. THE FORTUNE HUNTER, Matines, Weds. and Sat., 2.30.

ROYALTY.—THE PURSUIT OF PAMELA, To-DAY, 2.30 and 8.30. MAT., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

JAMES.—TO-DAY, at 2.30 and 8.40. THE ATTACK, 1.30. By French Author, George Egerton. GEORGE ALEXANDER and MARTHA HEDMAN. Mats., Weds., Sat., 2.30.

HAFTESBURY.—THE PEARL GIRL, Mr. Robert Courtnidge's new production, To-DAY, at 2 and 8.30. Price, 5s. Box-office, 2.30.

TRASZ.—Mr. W. L. Newell presents TRASZ, 1.30. Mr. W. L. Newell-Chinese Play.

MATHIESON LANG.—LILIAN BRAITHWAITE, 15 and 8.30. THE ENTERTAINERS, MAT., WEDS., SAT., 2.30.

VAUDEVILLE.—TO-DAY, 2.30 and 8.30. MARY GIRL, by Horace Miller, 2.30.

MARY GIRL, 2.30. LAST TWO PERFORMANCES.

WYNDHAM'S.—At 2 and 8. DIPLOMACY, by Victorian Sardon. MAT., WEDS., SATS., at 2.

LA HAMBRA.—KEEP SMILING, A Revue, MAIN STAIRCASE, Varieties 8. Revue, Matines, Wed. and Sat., 2.15. Reduced prices.

HIPPODROME.—Twice Daily, at 2.30 and 8 p.m. HELL'S HAMBOURG, 1.30. The German Folks, Harry Tare, Gerda Kirby, Teodie Gerard, Julia James, etc., etc. Box-office, 10 to 10. Tel., 650 Ger.

DALACE.—H. B. IRVING in THE VAN DYK, Last Appearance on the Variety Stage. MR. MILLER LEADS, 1.30. JOE JACKSON, Mats., Wed. and Sat., 2. Full programme. Evenings, 8.

DALLADIUM.—6.30 and 9.10. LITTLE TICH, BANDSAW, COKE, HETTY KING, OSWALD WILSON, STAN and EVELYN, T. E. ENVILLE, GROTESQUE, VERNON WATSON, VIOLET ESSEX, etc.

MINSTRELS.—PALLADIUM, DAILY, at 2.30. Is to 5s.

Children Half price to Fautulants and Grand Circle.

THIS SUPERB MAGNETO CORSET

"The Corset that fulfils all requirements of Fashion and Health."



This is the Ambrose Wilson Magneto Corset

A PERFECT FITTING CORSET DESIGNED BY EXPERTS, IT FITS THE FIGURE LIKE A GLOVE, ENSURING BEAUTIFUL FIGURE LINES, YET WITH AN ENTIRE ABSENCE OF HARMFUL PRESSURE.

A perfect fitting corset designed by experts, it fits the figure like a glove, ensuring beautiful figure lines, yet with an entire absence of harmful pressure.

Powerfully magnetised, it does what no other corset can do, it gives splendid health, tireless energy, and an attractive personality.

The price of my Corset is not pounds, it is only shillings. The price is 5s. 1d., but I do not ask you to send me that amount. All I ask is that you send me a postal order for 1s., and by return of post, I will send you a sample of my Magneto Corsets that will fit you like a glove. It will be a red-letter day to you the day you receive the Corsets, because it will be the beginning of new life.

It is modelled on the most up-to-date lines, perfect fitting, graceful and charming—but it is MORE. It is Life-giving, because it contains Nature's great revitaliser—Magnetism. From the moment when you put it on you are surrounded by Magnetic Force, which your body absorbs naturally and freely. There are no shocks, no batteries. The Magnetic current passes right through the body from head to heel, revitalising every nerve, every muscle. New Health and New Life come to you. All the old Listlessness—the Feeling of Depression—Inaction—Mind-Wandering—Headaches—Backaches—Loss of Will Power—Sleeplessness—Want of Confidence—Lack of Nerve Force and Want of Energy, fade away. You become Strong, Vigorous and Healthy.

sent for
(See Coupon below.)

1/-



This is the charming effect it produces.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO WEAR

A Corset which has cured such complaints as Indigestion, Rheumatism, Nervous Ailments, and General Debility, whilst at the same time beautifying the figure and building up the constitution? Then you must wear the

AMBROSE WILSON - MAGNETO CORSET.

"ON APPROVAL."

COUPON. POST-DAY.

TO MR. AMBROSE WILSON (Corset Dept. 111), 100, Union House, 55, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

Simply write your Full Name and Address on a piece of paper, fill in your correct measurements, pin coupon to paper, and send to us.

Please send me a "Magneto Corset" on approval. I enclose 1s., and if I do not immediately return Corset, you will pay the balance of 4s. 1d., within in one month, for the postage of its return.

Size of waist..... Bust..... Hip....

Foreign and Colonial orders must be accompanied by the full amount, and 1s. 6d. extra for postage.

Popular Since the Reign of George II.

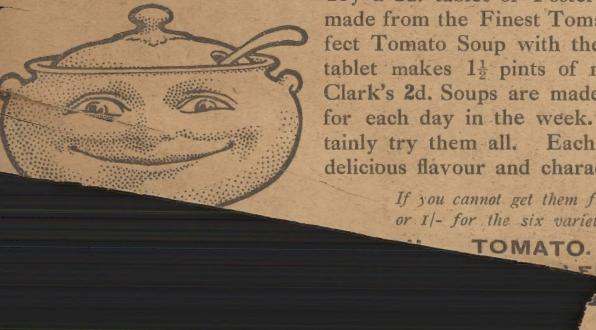
STONE'S GINGER WINE

A Famous Digestive.

Try a 2d. tablet of Foster Clark's Tomato Soup to-day. It is made from the Finest Tomatoes the world produces. It is a perfect Tomato Soup with the real fresh Tomato flavour. A 2d. tablet makes 1½ pints of most delicious Tomato Soup. Foster Clark's 2d. Soups are made in six varieties. A different variety for each day in the week. If you try one kind, you will certainly try them all. Each kind possesses to perfection the true delicious flavour and character of its particular variety.

If you cannot get them from your grocer, send 2d. for a packet, or 1/- for the six varieties, to Foster Clark, Ltd., Maidstone.

**TOMATO. MULLIGATAWNY. All at 2d.
PENIT. GREEN PEA. per tablet**



LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—"SAN TOY," by the Sydenham Hill Operatic Society, at 3 and 7.45 p.m. Skating Rink, 4 sessions. Rink Hockey, 8.30. Music, Cinema, Football, 5 p.m., etc. Return fare, admis., 1s. 6d.

MASKELYNE & DEVANT'S MYSTERIES.

"THE CROWN OF LIFE," by Maskelyne, at 8 p.m. "BIEF" (The Motor-Cycle Mystery), "THE YOGI'S STAR," etc. Seats, 1s. to 5s. Mayfair, 1945.

SARGA AT KILBURN EMPIRE To-morrow (Sunday), at 7.30.

SUNDAY EVENING BALLAD CONCERTS.

THEATRE.—To-morrow Evening at 7. Elegant Artists Vocal and Instrumental, etc. Popular prices, 3s. to 1s. Smoking permitted.

WITH CAPT. SCOTT in THE ANTARCTIC.—Herbert G. Ponting at Pharamond Hall, Great Portland-street, Tues., Wed., and Thurs., 8 p.m. Thrilling Story. Unique Pictures, 1s. to 5s. 2003 Mayfair.

"TRAFFIC IN SOULS"—Cinema Drama in six parts, showing horrors of White Slave Traffic daily, at 2 and 3, at HOBBORN EMPIRE. Adm., 1s. 6d. Seats 1s. and 1s. 6d. Books sold in advance. 6367 Hobborn. Special N.S.A. performances next Sunday, 6.30 and 8.30.

CARL HAGENBECK'S WONDER ZOO.

"THE BIG CIRCUS," by the Big Circus, 2.30 and 7.45. ADMISSION, 1s. 6d. Free Seats to Circum. Reserved Seats for CIRCUS tickets. Adm. to Wonder Zoo, can not be booked at the usual Libraries and at Olympia. Tel., Ham. 1597 and Ham, 1540.

WONDERFUL AIR RACING AT HENDON.

Every Sat.—To-day, Sat., Jan. 31, Metropolitan Meeting, Park Royal, 1.30. Flight, 2.30. Sun. Air, from 2.30 p.m. till dusk. Admis., 1s., 2s., 6d.

RINKING.

CRICKLEWOOD SKATING RINK.—Tel., 2540. Hammersmith Operatic Soc., Dally, Adm., 1s. 6d. Sunday Club, 3 and 7.30 p.m. Membership 1s. Grand Two-Step Competition, February 19. Valuable Prizes.

PREACHERS, ETC.

LONDON TABERNACLE.—Craven-terrace, Lancaster Gate, W. (near Tube Station). Sunday Services, 11 a.m., 3 and 6.30 p.m.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

BANK OF SCOTLAND (London, Office).—Notice is Herby Given that the RATE OF INTEREST allowed on DEPOSIT Accounts will be ONE HALF PER CENT. until further notice by advertisement.

THOMAS AITKEN, Manager, No. 30, Bishopsgate, E.C., 29th January, 1914.

PERSONAL.

QUEENIE.—Free Feb. 1. Come—R.—d.

ONCE bought of me in every passing day.—Dimsey, R.D.—All safe. Write me for Kit, Baby, Mother's sake.—Diana.

LUCILLE.—Votre belle Lettre Reçue jetâtee encore jetez.

DARLING.—Keep cheerful. Writing when you permit.

Love Uno.

DOUG.—"My Friend" wish to correspond with "South Devon, Friend?"

* * * The above advertisements are charged at the rate of 4d. per wor. (minimum 8 words). Trade advertisements in Personal Column 8d. per word (minimum 8 words). Address Advertising Manager, "Daily Mirror," 23-29, Gloucester, London.

GARDENING.

DOBIE'S Catalogue and Guide to Gardening, 224 pages, 10/- post free. Send 1s. for postage. See also Dobie's 500,000 PERSONS Wanted to read our new Illustrated Garden Seed Guide and Catalogue; now in full colour. It contains all the latest information concerning vegetable and flower seeds and seed potatoes; all garden seeds sent by post; also Dobie's Catalogue of Seeds; Dobie and Sons, Royal Berkshire Seed Stores, Reading.

HOLIDAY APARTMENTS AND HOTELS.

BOURNEMOUTH.—Hotel Empress Opened; facing beautiful gardens; south aspect; warmed, electric light, lift; modern, private, comfortable, etc. Africobie.

LONDON.—Opera Hotel, Bowes Strand; bedroom and breakfast, 4s., no charge only.

NORTH Wales.—Furnished house, fine situation; 4 bedrooms, bath, 10. Regis-pl, Wrexham.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ELECTROLYSIS.—Apparatus for permanently removing hair, ladies only; consultation free.—Miss Florence Wood, 105 Regent-st, W., 11 to 6 daily.

It's a Mother's Duty

to safeguard her health. If you are suffering from any abdominal complaint send for my

Free Booklet (FULLY ILLUSTRATED).

It contains priceless information on women's common complaints, and will be sent free on application. It also explains with the aid of illustrations how I cure the following complaints: Appendicitis, Ulcers, Internal Weakness, etc., without Operations or Internals. It also cures Cancer, Tumours, and Skin Diseases, and can be avoided at all costs. Send to-day to:

Mrs. CLARE SLATER,
Dr. F. G. Belgrave, Finchley Park, LONDON, N.



NEW SERIAL

BEGIN TO-DAY.

What Every Woman Forgets.

By HENRY FARMER.

THE CHARACTERS.

Fritz KAVANAGH, a young man of twenty-five, travelling led him settling down in a political career. He is on his way to India, where he means to build up a business. Suzanne CLOAN, the beautiful wife of MICHAEL CLOAN known as "Rajah." Cloan, owner of vast plantations in the East. CAROLINE CLOAN, Cloan's sister, a militant suffragette. EGGIE LOMBARD, Kavanagh's cousin, LIFE INSPECTOR SLEW, of Scotland Yard.

THE STORY.

The story opens on board the *Moolana*, bound for India. Fritz Kavanagh makes the acquaintance of Suzanne Cloan. It is going to take him to Ceylon, and he has Kavanagh's permission to do so, that she is unhappy. He suspects that "Rajah" Cloan, ruler over armies of native labour and the population of his plantations, is in love with Mrs. Cloan, for a woman with the ideals and temperament of Mrs. Cloan, before the ship has reached Colombo, Kavanagh has fallen in love with Mrs. Cloan. He has no idea that she is not interested in him; but no word of love is spoken between them. *

Eight months afterwards Kavanagh is back in London and meets Cloan at his club. The "Rajah" asks the young man to dinner at his house, and actuated by a desire to renew his acquaintance with Cloan, Kavanagh accepts. But when he arrives at the house he finds Cloan hopelessly drunk. He discerns that this is the cause of Suzanne's unhappiness. *

After the meal Cloan falls into a drunken sleep, and Kavanagh joins Mrs. Cloan in the drawing-room. He finds her weeping and, not daring to speak to her, approaches her with his arms close round her, expressing passion, sympathy and a man's craving to protect a woman.

And then suddenly he sees the Rajah. She starts pale. He releases her and swings round.

The door is open. "Rajah!" Cloan stands on the threshold, stampingigate. Kavanagh does his best for the Rajah, and a doctor is called. The young man leaves the house late that night; Cloan not having recovered consciousness. *

When Kavanagh arrives at his flat he finds Reggie Lombard waiting to see him. A remark from Lombard leads Kavanagh to the discovery that he has brought Suzanne Cloan across from the Rajah's house in mistake for his own. He puts his hand in the pocket and brings out a note. It is a short love letter addressed to Suzanne. The name "Adam" is written on the address on the notepaper. The Nook, Datcham-on-Thames.

Kavanagh puts the note away, but it is brought back to him with the same woman. Her husband, who goes by the names of De Castro and Smith, is blackmailing him. The name "Adam" is written on the paper that De Castro has been found murdered in his flat. Scotland Yard investigates the murder.

When Cloan recovers consciousness he realises nothing of the Rajah's presence, except that it is Caroline Cloan, however who hates Suzanne, prompts his memory, and he reflects seeing his wife in Kavanagh's arms.

He sends for Suzanne and questions her about Kavanagh.

CHAPTER IX. (continued).

SUZANNE had reached the door, and was turning the handle when Cloan's words struck her like a blow. She had been so used to quitting a room, not wishing to escape the inevitable, to postpone it, not afraid for herself, but of all, lest she should lose her self-control.

She had never spoken to her like this before. The cruelty to her in the past had been the unconscious cruelty of a coarse-natured man lacking in finer imagination and incapable of understanding a woman's sensitive nature and delicate mind. His restless, impulsive, unscrupulous ways had exercised an influence for good over him, though it had by no means been paramount, and had tempered his ruthlessness to an extent unrealised by the man himself, though at the same time he was conscious, in his way, of her influence. This had been evidenced in his feeling that Suzanne was the woman to help him put up a fight against the drink-appetite that was beginning to play havoc with him and threatened to ruin his life completely. Although it occasionally flared up into spasmodic fits like embers fanned, his passion for her had cooled down. But it did not follow that he was incapable of jealousy, though no occasion for jealousy had arisen till now.

Suzanne let go the bar, and turned from the door, just as if she had been struck a physical blow, and had swung round to defend herself again a second.

Cloan's yellow-grey and ravaged-looking face sideways on the pillow, repeated his words: "How long have you and Kavanagh been carrying on?"

He had been educated in a rough school. He was a lad when he ran away from a respectable home, lured by the call of the sea and adventure.

The naught that had racked him during the night had partly worn him out and ceased. His condition of health was not sufficiently grave to command Suzanne's womanly pity and compassion distractingly. But he still looked as if he were labouring under the after-effects of the previous night's debauch as well as of his injury. Suzanne was sensitively sub-conscious of this look now, and something in her revolted terribly and almost physically.

"Carry on!" The wording of it added to the hurt. It somehow conjured up to her a vision of a servant-girl in an area and a policeman who had stolen away from his beat.

Again she knew that fierce desire to retaliate—to ask him if he had been consistently faithful to her, though her infidelity had been no more than a moment's dizzy weakness under a double strain of degrading humiliation and the wild cry of her passion, which with a great deal of love and sympathy and understanding, a cry that for a moment when she found herself in Kavanagh's arms, her eyes looking into hers—had drowned the voice of her higher, sensitive conscience.

"Michael," she whispered, with a forward step that brought her into the light of a lamp, the shade tilted to screen it from Cloan's eyes. "Michael, if—when you remember all that happened last night—I say all, then you will—

She stopped. The words she wanted to utter stuck in her throat. The two sides of her nature were in conflict. It was a noble thing to be noble, something to humble oneself, but it was also sometimes one of the hardest things in the world to do. But it was the thing to do now. She must crush under her pride that seemed to have got her by the throat and to be choking back the words.

The issue was not between herself and another. Others were involved. The spirit of unselfishness, and of service, that she had attributed to her by Caroline Cloan, was calling. The last days of her mother's life must not be marred by disillusion, if it was humanly possible. Fritz Kavanagh's future must not be wrecked. But the former was the more powerful influence.

"What?" demanded Cloan, physical weakness giving a cavernous note to his driving voice.

"You—will forgive me?" she had got the word out, and asked my forgiveness—"

"And Kavanagh? What about him? You were glued in his arms?"

She rocked.

"After what I saw—Cloan's eyes were narrow slits—" how do I know what mayn't have gone on, on board the *Moolana*? How do I know?"

The tilted shade that screened light from him concentrated it on his wife. Jealousy will do such things, and it might have been jealousy that served as a draught to the members of his passion and sucked them out into flames—the idea that some other man wanted this human possession of his, and had tried to steal it.

For that, of late, had been Cloan's attitude towards his wife. His feelings might have cooled down, but she still remained a kind of valuable possession, and he was proud of his sole proprietary right in her. And a thief had been after this possession, and the fact that the thief had tried to stow some article must call the owner's attention to its value and forgotten beauty.

Suzanne had closed her eyes for a moment. The words with which he had expressed himself seemed to accentuate the gross materialism of his suspicions.

Thoughts and memories raced, too swift to be timed, of those days and nights on board the *Moolana*—one night when Kavanagh had come upon her unawares, under the spell of stars and the shimmering wake and a track of moonshine on the ocean.

She quoted the motto graven on his sign ring, "La vertu est la seule noblesse," winning a victory.

The memory made her husband's crudely-expressed suspicions all the more ironically and bitterly hurtful.

"How do I know?" Cloan's repetition was more intense. It was almost as if his new-born jealousy had grown and gained strength in the interval.

It was desperately difficult for Suzanne. She felt hopeless before his limited, material outlook. She realised his inability to grasp the possibility of a man and woman weak enough to reveal each other's love in a moment of impassioned impulse, possibly most eloquently without a spoken word, and yet be strong enough to conquer more material temptation.

She was seeing what he had seen when he stood on the threshold of the Adams' room, and remembering now what he had seen, Suzanne, knowing his general views on the subject of men and women, saw the justification for these material suspicions.

"Isn't my word enough?" She drew herself up a little, the light still focussed on her, yet nothing melodramatic in her expression.

Cloan, his head turned on the pillow, opened his eyes wider. He might suddenly have become aware of some attraction about his possession that had hitherto escaped him.

"Come here!" he whispered gutturally, and reached out a hand.

She went to him mechanically. He caught her hand.

"Kneel down—where I can see you better!" She dropped to one knee.

"Now look at me!" He did not raise his head, but altered its position to better see her.

"You were in his arms last night—keep on looking at me!"

She forced herself to meet his half-narrowed, still red-rimmed eyes, with their suggestion of past debauchery.

"But remember all, Michael; what you were like before dinner—at dinner!"

"You mean to say that he felt sorry for you—and it took the shape of putting his arms round you—that's what you want me to think, is it?"

Her face blazed. She seemed to feel those arms about her now. They had expressed more than some love or sympathy.

"You're thinking like a peony!" His eyes were narrowed jealously again. "Don't look about you—look at me!"

She brought her eyes back to his.

"That's what you want me to think, is it?" He laughed huskily.

"If you had not been as you were last night, Michael, it would not have happened. I will put it that way."

His expression told that he was turning her words over in his mind, treating them to a kind of mental mastication.

"Look at me!" he said at last, "and answer.

Was that the first time you'd been there—where I saw you—in his arms?"

He spoke at first slowly, to her feet, under the goad of his speech and his driving mastication, nearly forgot all she was fighting for—her conscience, and all but fell back on retaliation and counter-accusation; nearly told him that time upon time he had outraged her woman's respect, and that any conduct on her part could have been more than ordinary.

For a man may be cruel to a woman without

(Continued on page 18.)

Health, Strength & Beauty

Can only be preserved up to old age by a rational mode of life, suitable nourishment, and plenty of exercise in fresh air. A great deal depends upon the nourishment. "The full blessing of health cannot be obtained

by means of

medicine and miracles, but only by proper food which invigorates the body and rejuvenates it daily." These are the words of a well-known German Doctor and Professor. To absolutely ensure physical fitness, you must take

Biomalz

(Biomalt)

the well-known nutrient

It is a palatable, inexpensive Tonic Food of proved value, highly appreciated all the world over. It strengthens the body wonderfully. Limp, flabby features disappear, the colour of the face becomes fresher and healthier, the complexion clearer. In the case of persons who have become anaemic, pale, and thin through malnutrition, the appetite improves to a gratifying degree.

This Food will be found better than any medicine or tonic by those run down from overwork, illness or nervous troubles, also for expectant mothers, and anaemic children.

Small and large tins at 1s. 3d. and 2s. 3d. respectively to be obtained from all Chemists and Druggists.



DUNVILLE'S

A detailed map of Ireland with various towns and cities labeled. A central bottle of "DUNVILLE'S OLD IRISH WHISKY" is positioned on the map. Lines radiate from the bottle to various locations, indicating distribution routes. Labels on these lines include: "TO CANADA", "TO STRANRAER", "TO AIR.", "TO BARROW", "TO HEYSHAM", "TO PLEASWOOD", "TO LIVERPOOL", "TO LONDON", "TO HOLYHEAD", "TO NEW YORK", "TO SOUTHAMPTON", "WATERFORD", "WEXFORD", "CORK", "LIMERICK", "GALWAY", "SLIGO", "DUBLIN", "WICKLOW", and "LARNE". The map is framed by a decorative border of four-leaf clovers.

PREDOMINATES

WHY TROUBLE TO CHOP SUET
Buy Shredded ATORA Beef Suet,
ready for use, goes further, sweet and wholesome. Your grocer sells it. Insist upon ATORA, refuse substituted brands.—(Advt.)

The Deathless Poems and Prose of the World's
Greatest Writer Historical Romance.

28 PLUME

5/- NOW

FINE ART ILLUSTRATED EDITION OF SCOTT

Thrilling Tales
of Many Ages
and Countries.

The finest real refreshment for every
member of the family — history made
fascinating the young — tales of love
and chivalry for every age of life.

Poetry that
Charms all
ages.

About 12,000 Pag 800 Delightful Pictures
28 Beautiful Photogravures.

HERE in these 28 volumes are years of delight and enjoyment for you
and your family, your children and your children's children. It is
the most magnificent edition of Scott ever published, an edition of which

The Great-granddaughter of Sir Walter Scott,

Mrs. M. M. Maxwell S. of Abbotsford, wrote—

"Your beautiful edition of Sir Walter's works! The illustrations are charming and value the books very much themselves."

Just recall a few of thrilling romances in which Scott called into
glowing vibrant life the lovable heroes and heroines whom we accompany
with such delight through their lives and loves.

Waverley. A tale of Bonnie Prince Charlie which
took the world by storm. It creates author's
reputation as a master of historic romance.

Rob Roy. Depicts with vivid pen-adventures
of the famous outlaw. Here we see the never-to-be-forgotten Balfie Nicol Jarl that best-
loved of heroines, D' Vernon.

The Abbot. Mary Queen of Scots for ever in
its pages, and its fascinating heroine, Catherine
Seymour, who frequently attires in hose
and doublet, can only be compared to Rosalind
herself.

Ivanhoe. The most popular tale of love and
chivalry ever penned. It stirr'd blood as we
hear the clash of arms in tournaments of
Cœur de Lion, and it excites sympathy and
draws our tears by the pathos of the beauti-
ful Jewess, Rebecca.

The Heart of Midlothian. The description of the
Porteous riots, and the pathetic story of Jeannie
and Effie Deans will live as long as literature
itself.

Woodstock. The finest of all "Cavalier and Round-
head" romances. The picture of the old Cavalier
whose daughter is wedded by a Parliamentarian
is imitable.

The Fair Maid of Perth. Scott at his best. The
book in which the genius of Scott flamed up into
an incandescent brilliance. A tale of the early,
but always ill-fated Stuarts, and the tragic death
by starvation of the Earl of Rothesay, heir to the
Scottish throne.

Count Robert of Paris. The life of Ancient Byzantium
with all its pomp and glory passes in a
glistening pageant before our eyes as we read
these pages.

IN the Fine Art Scott, have all the novels in 25 beautiful volumes — you have
two volumes of poem which the ring of Scott's cadences is like the rattle
of a sword in its scabbard and you have in yet another volume and in handy
form that great biographical classic, "Lockhart's Life of Scott," that opens the
door to an understanding of a hero, and increases our admiration of a genius.

A GALLERY OF SCOTT-INSPIRED ART.

THE pictures in these Art Scott are supreme — unequalled. Never before
has such a galaxy alighted deriving its inspiration from the pages of Scott
been gathered within the covers of one edition of the master's works. And the
result is such that there is little fear of any succeeding edition eclipsing this one
in pictorial excellence. here are nearly 800 illustrations by famous artists repro-
duced in beautiful halftone, and 28 beautiful hand-printed photogravures.

The work of no fewer than 200 artists was found worthy of inclusion in this best-
of-all editions of Sir Walter Scott. You have the impressive work of Turner, the
delightful beauty of Goble, the vivid portraiture of Millais, the dignity of
Lawrence, the detailed effects of Wilkie, the finest efforts of Landseer and Rae-
burn, McWhirter and Pettie, and scores of others whose
names are household words in the sublime realm of Art.

FREE BOOKCASE COUPON.

The Educational Book Co., Ltd., New Bridge Street, London, E.C.

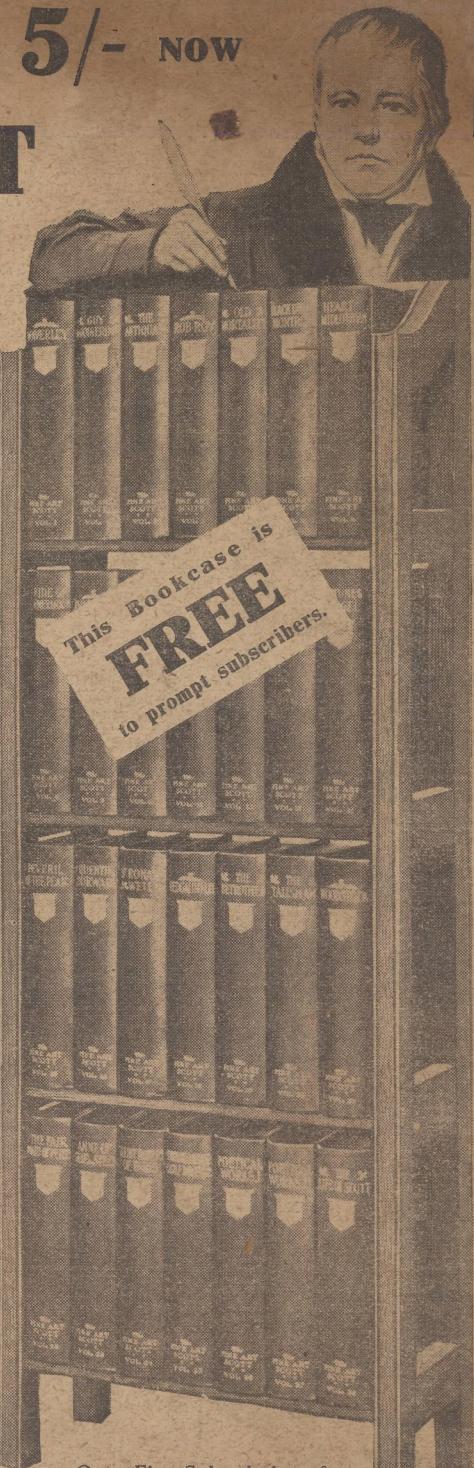
Please send me full particulars of subscription terms of the Fine Art Scott in twenty-
eight volumes, including the oak Bookcase, which is presented to prompt subscribers
without extra charge.

NAME

ADDRESS

OCCUPATION

Please fill up
the coupon
for full
particulars.



On a First Subscription of
Only 5/-

you receive these 28 volumes of thrilling Romances and
Poems, and if you are one of the early subscribers you
will receive a beautiful

OAK BOOKCASE FREE.

THE MOST POPU-
LAR ANNUAL
IS "DAILY
MIRROR REFLEC-
TIONS" BY W. K.
HASLEDEN. 6d.

The Daily Mirror

LATEST CERTIFIED CIRCULATION MORE THAN 800,000 COPIES PER DAY.

COMPOSER ACTS
AS HAWKER
AND SELLS HIS
SONGS IN STREET
SEE PAGE 9.

No. 3,205.

Registered at the G.P.O.
as a Newspaper.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1914

One Halfpenny

STARCHFIELD IN COURT: OLD STREET BESIEGED BY CROWDS.



Mr. Biron, the magistrate, entering the court.



Starchfield in the dock. He rested his arm on the rail and listened attentively to the evidence.



Mounted police ride on the pavement to clear away the crowd.



Chief Inspector G., in charge of the case.

A great crowd tried to invade Old-street yesterday, where John Starchfield was placed in the dock, charged on a coroner's warrant with the murder of his little son Willie. The prisoner appeared to have braced himself up for the ordeal, and was perfectly calm and

collected as the inspector recapitulated the discovery of the crime and the dramatic events which took place in the coroner's court. "All I say is that I am innocent of this crime," witness said.—(Daily Mirror photograph)

HEIRESS WEDS CLERK.



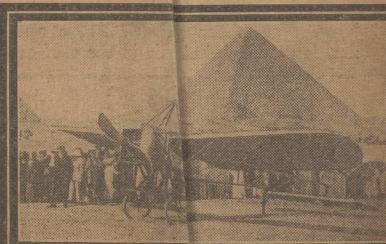
Miss Dorothy Cleveland, of Colchester, and Mr. Clifford Bridge, who have just been married. Miss Cleveland inherited £30,000 last July.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

M.F.H. AND FARMER.



Mr. Oswald Riley, M.F.H., who thrashed a farmer near Grateley, Hants, after the hounds went away on a false trail.

VEDRINI AT PYRAMIDS.



M. Vedrini and his aeroplane with the Pyramids as a background. When he made the first flight around the Pyramids he took with him a passenger who is eighty-five years of age.